



AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF  
*Netterville*:  
A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE usual compliments having passed, Miss Nugent, after apologizing for the liberty she was about to take, proceeded to make some enquiries respecting the fortune and destination of our hero. "Believe me," continued she, "I am actuated by no motive of idle curiosity, but simply by a wish to do you all the service in my power. Your father was well known to my family in his youth; and some particular circumstances have rendered me peculiarly anxious to assist the son of so deserving a character." Mrs. Nugent wiped a tear from her cheek, and hiding her face in her handkerchief, walked towards the window. "How old are you?" said Miss Nugent. "I am twenty years of age, madam," answered Lewisham. "You are not at all like your father," said she: "but your voice is the very counterpart of his." "The resemblance between our voices may be merely accidental," said he, "or it might have been acquired by a long residence together." "Then you do not think," rejoined Miss Nugent, "that families resemble one another in their voices?" "Pardon me, madam, I did not say so; but you labour under a mistake—I am not the son of Lieutenant Netterville." "Good Heavens!" exclaimed Miss Nugent: "Not his son!—not the son of Mr. Netterville!—Angels and ministers of grace defend me!" In the

name of wonder, then, who are you?" "I am," replied Lewisham, "the son of his adoption, the son of his affection; but believe me when I say, no tie of blood united us to each other. I was a forsaken outcast, left deserted, abandoned to the mercy of an unfeeling world! He took me to his arms and his heart; he became my friend, my protector, my father!" "Alas!" cried Miss Nugent, "'he was a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again; his life was marked out early by calamity.'" Mrs. Nugent sobbed aloud; she rose abruptly from the window-seat, and hurried with precipitation out of the apartment. Lewisham looked at Miss Nugent with astonishment; "Poor thing!" sighed she, glancing her eye towards her sister.—"Pray did you ever hear the history of your unfortunate friend?" "I have," said Lewisham, "the memorial of his sorrows, traced by himself, but I have never yet been able to peruse the manuscript." "'I could a tale unfold,'" said Miss Nugent, "'whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood, make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres, thy knotted and combined locks to part, and each particular hair to stand an end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine'—but it may not be; every account I could possibly give you of poor Netterville must be unsatisfactory, for I entirely lost sight of him for more than nineteen years, and most probably should still have been ignorant of his destiny, had not death closed his eyes for ever! You must not quit this place at present, my young friend! read over the history committed to you by your departed friend—you will there find I have a claim to offer you my advice and assistance; and believe me, when I assure you, I have a heart warmly interest-

ed in your welfare, both for your own sake, and for that of him whom we both lament. Here then we will, if you please, drop this subject for ever, as it is one which my poor sister is unable to hear. Neither let my brother ever know that it has been discussed between us—for it is jealousy's peculiar nature to swell small things into great, nay, out of nought to conjure much; and then to lose its reason amid the hideous phantoms it has formed.' One thing more, and I have done: When you are determined to quit Bamborough, mention to me any plan you have in view for your future life, and it shall be my business to forward your interest by every exertion in my power." Lewisham could not speak, so lost was he in wonder at the preceding conversation; he pressed Miss Nugent's hand with silent admiration and gratitude, which she obliged him suddenly to relinquish by hastily quitting the apartment. In a short time the ladies re-entered, and Lewisham accompanied them in a walk on the sea-shore, from which they returned to enjoy in friendly converse a family dinner, where form was excluded; and the night was far advanced before they separated. The following day our hero again met the ladies, and again spent it entirely with them. In the evening Mr. Nugent returned, his brow clouded by anger, when Lewisham hastily took leave, determined that nothing should prevent his speedy departure from Bamborough, resolving that night to refer to his manuscript for an explanation of the mystery which appeared to envelop the family of Mr. Nugent; and as soon as the house was quiet, he drew a chair and sat down, eager to learn the contents of the packet, which began as follows:—

## THE HISTORY OF NETTERVILLE.

I FIRST awoke to sense and recollection in the house of a gentleman of the name of Campbell, who passed for my guardian. His family consisted of himself, his wife, and a daughter about my own age. Adeliza Campbell was the idol of her father; her figure was small and finely proportioned, her voice was melodious, and her disposition had in it that inexpressible sweetness which never failed to attract all hearts towards her; young as I then was, I cannot but recollect that it was this sweetness which softened the asperity of Mr. Campbell, that it was *her* voice which, pleading for pardon, never failed to sooth his rugged temper into composure. How often have I gazed with rapture on the animated enthusiasm lighted up in her countenance on these occasions: How have I delighted to hear her voice, impelled by generosity and affection: And how often have I said to my heart, "Is not the intelligence which now beams in the countenance of Adeliza, a thousand times more lovely and fascinating than the most regular set of features?" Yes! though beauty dwelt not in the person of Adeliza in that very eminent degree possessed by many of her sex, yet her eyes were expressive, her teeth white, and her countenance was the faithful index of a heart which throbbed with trembling emotion for the happiness of those around her. The parental tenderness of Mr. Campbell knew no bounds: he would scarcely suffer his Adeliza out of his sight; and that nothing might deprive him of her society, masters of every description were procured for her at home; her accomplishments kept pace with the expence lavished on her—yet she still retained the modest diffidence of her character. Her heart was open, liberal, and undisguised, and not a thought of her pure and undulterated soul was concealed from the eye of observation. Adeliza had a friend—What a contrast was exhibited in these two lovely women!—Miss Nugent was eminently handsome, her accomplishments were more shining than those of her friend, her spirits more animated, her attractions more decided, her figure more majestic, her talents more brilliant: The one commanded your affection as her right—the other insinuated herself into your favour by slow and imperceptible degrees: Arabella was feared by many—Adeliza beloved by all. Of myself what shall I say? I will let the story of my life speak for me, satisfying myself

with the simple observation—that the world considered me as an indigent young man, whose person and talents must make way for him in life. With that want of discrimination so natural to youth and inexperience, I selected the brother of Miss Nugent for my friend and companion. Alas! fleeting was the illusion! it vanished, suddenly vanished, with all those golden dreams of felicity youth had fondly busied itself in painting! How cruel was the concealment practised on my unsuspecting nature! how dreadful the crime into which I might have been precipitated! how, through a species of false shame, were my prospects in life blasted for ever!—Adeliza! Adeliza! I dare not, I cannot, even at this distant period, awake the recollection of the past without horror!—my blood curdles, my soul shudders, nature recoils with terror and dismay!—O God! my help and deliverance! my soul pours forth her gratitude before thee!—But I will proceed with my narrative.

When I had attained the age of nineteen, the friendship with which Miss Nugent honoured me, became insensibly more animated; an insinuating melancholy took possession of her mind, her usual vivacity forsook her, she became pensive, and reserved. Adeliza, as well as myself, had marked the alteration, in our mutual friend, and the former determined to steal from her the secret cause, of a change so discernible—"O my Adeliza!" replied Miss Nugent, to the solemn adjuration of her friend—"I dare not reveal to you the cause of my distress; even the gentle Adeliza will hate her Arabella, for a weakness so degrading!"

"Good heavens!" cried Adeliza—"what is it you teach me to suspect? what is it you would make me believe? is it, can it be, that my Arabella entertains an affection degrading to her family?"—"O my friend!" cried Miss Nugent, hiding her face with both her hands, her colour varying alternately from red to pale, and her whole frame panting from energy, and agitation—"with pride, with adoration ought the most exalted family to hail a choice, so disinterested, an object so deserving; but alas! you know my father, you know that indigent merit has with him no chance, and family pride has placed between me and Netterville an insurmountable barrier!" Adeliza no longer questioned her friend, her bloodless face, bore but too evident a witness to the feelings of her heart, and she supported herself from sinking,

only by the friendly assistance of a chair which stood near her—"Yes!" continued Miss Nugent, "it is Netterville, the indigent Netterville, my heart acknowledges for its lord; it is Netterville for whom that heart pants, it is for him my cheek loses its accustomed colour, my spirits their vivacity, my youth its bloom!" Adeliza had by the time her friend concluded, attained fortitude sufficient to disguise her feelings, and endeavoured to persuade her that Mr. Nugent, could not possibly object to her union with me—"His father" said Adeliza, "was, as you know, the youthful friend of mine, and I have often heard the latter say, that the mother of Netterville was descended from a noble family; cease then, my Arabella, to conjure up causes of needless alarm, for it is impossible that Netterville can be insensible to merit like yours, your father will be won over, and my friend will ultimately be happy."—"You are a sweet flatterer," answered Miss Nugent, "would to heaven, that I dared to believe that you are not mistaken—Come, will you go down stairs." Adeliza excused herself from attending her friend, who had no sooner left her, than she hurried to the solitude of her own apartment, where she sat down, too much agitated for some time, to reflect on the foregoing scene; but at length she recovered from the surprise which Miss Nugent's extraordinary disclosure had given birth to, and was convinced of the affection, which, under the mask of friendship, had imperceptibly gained possession of her mind; she now for the first time, saw that she loved me; and she, also saw, in the same moment, every probability that my heart was irrecoverably devoted to another; and struggling to subdue her own feelings, she endeavoured to rejoice in our mutual felicity. Having determined to regulate her conduct with the most scrupulous attention, she joined us the same evening at supper; where, though she did not seem in high spirits she retained at least the appearance of cheerfulness. Under the existing circumstances, it was not impossible I could long be ignorant of the change in Adeliza's conduct; and one day being accidentally alone with her, I complained in severe terms, of the reserve with which both the friends treated me—"Ah, Netterville, impute not to us!" cried Adeliza, "a reserve which has its foundation in your own unaccountable conduct; anxious, as I cannot fail, to be for both your happiness, how can I



behold with indifference the coolness of your manner to Arabella?"—"Good heavens! Adeliza," said I, "what is it you mean! I am sensible of no want of respect towards Miss Nugent, I have the truest, the sincerest friendship for her—but"—and I hesitated—"Is it, can it be possible," said Adeliza, "that you are ignorant of the sentiments Arabella entertains for you? And can Netterville be ungrateful, can he cruelly delight to pain a noble and disinterested nature?"—"Gracious Heaven!" cried I, "What do you mean? tell me at once Adeliza, ease me from a suspense equally cruel and unnecessary, give not an added force to the blow you mean to inflict." "Is then"—asked Adeliza, in a voice scarcely audible, "Is the affection, the *love* of Miss Nugent, a misfortune, to Netterville? Is the accomplished fair for whom thousands sigh; she, the pursuit of the noblest youths, in Caledonia, who offers you youth, beauty, fortune, rank, splendour, and affection; is *she* despised and rejected?" "Adeliza, cried I, almost overpowered by contending emotions, and in one moment alive to the unchangeable affection I had long entertained for her in secret—"cease to persecute me with your ill-timed friendship and advice; you feel, indeed, for Miss Nugent, but Netterville, the indigent Netterville is unworthy of a thought, he can easily sacrifice the dearest affections of the heart; he is poor, and therefore must command his feelings; he must for ever remain in his original obscurity, if he cannot offer up himself at the shrine of ambition. No, madam, believe me, you are yet a stranger to the soul of Netterville, his heart can never beat in unison with that of Miss Nugent; yet he acknowledges her virtues, admires her generosity, respects her candour, and feels too sensibly the honour she has conferred on him." I now retreated a few paces towards the door, Adeliza held out her hand towards me, I pressed it to my lips with unutterable tenderness—"Alas! Adeliza," said I—"I dare not reveal to you my thoughts, my hopes, my wishes, my fears (Adeliza coloured) and yet," added I, earnestly looking her in the face, "this sweet confusion leads me to hope that my Adeliza does not regard her Lewisham with indifference;"—the scarlet deepened to a crimson in the cheek of Adeliza—"Oh!" continued I, sinking on my knees, "the vital spark which enlivens this frail tenement, is not so precious as Adeliza to this fond—this idol-

izing heart; believe me, no power of language can paint my fond, my unalterable affection, no tongue describe my feelings, my love is yours, Adeliza, yours alone, yours only, yours for ever! and yet bid me relinquish you, say it will contribute to your happiness, and I resign you, and from henceforth will behold you no more—Speak, Adeliza," cried I, eagerly grasping her hand, ease my tortured mind, spare my heart the agonizing suspense it now endures."—"O, my son! I cannot describe the rapture which followed, suffice it to say, I obtained from the gentle girl a frank confession of a reciprocal attachment, and, "was indeed most blest, gay title to the deepest misery:—at this distant period the past fleets before my imagination like a gay vision; like a dream, its felicity was unsubstantial and evanescent, like that it was suddenly obscured from my view, leaving me bewildered in darkness and despair. —Oh, all merciful heaven! pardon the wild and ungovernable passions of a wretch tottering on the verge of insanity, pardon the tumultuous emotions, the frantic ravings, the alarming desperation, the dreadful convulsions which then shook this shattered frame: O who! amidst such an accumulation of anguish, could have preserved unruffled the equanimity of reason, who could have failed, to have been like me bewildered, and almost lost in the mighty conflagration of the mind—I almost tremble while I relate what followed.—

The blushing Adeliza flung herself into my arms, and in the repository of my faithful bosom, concealed her confusion while she confessed her affection—"My friend," cried she, "my Arabella forgive me, yes Netterville, my own Netterville, for I will now call you by that tender appellation; heaven which alone has witnessed my long, my ardent love, has at last blessed me beyond my hopes, henceforth I will bid adieu to care, doubt, and anxiety, Netterville is kind, and shall not his Adeliza be happy!"—"Alas! fatal was our deception, dreadful our subsequent misery, blasted were our fondest hopes —O Adeliza! friend of my youth, chosen companion of my maturity, why in old age am I debarred from thy society. Adeliza was spared the pain of informing her friend of the explanation which had taken place, as the following morning Miss Nugent was sent for express to attend her father; his illness which lasted sometime, and afterwards his death removed his daughter to the house of a dis-

tant relation then resident in London, and there my Adeliza forwarded an account of the foregoing conversation. The genuine nobleness of mind which Miss Nugent possessed, suffered her not to entertain any mean jealousy against her more happy rival, and she soon after wrote to Adeliza, congratulating her on an event which would contribute, she hoped, to our mutual felicity—"for myself," she concluded, "I will not say that I feel no regret at the total demolition of my fond hopes, but as things have turned out, I will strive to believe, that—'whatever is, is right;' the world is not, we are told, a place where we are to expect perfect happiness, but I will pray to the Almighty, my Adeliza, to lengthen to you years of felicity, and that you may continue to feel that fond partiality for Netterville, which can alone secure it in the married state. And I flatter myself a period will soon arrive, when this rebellious heart will cease to flatter the name of Netterville, and when I shall be able to claim in person the renewal of that friendship which has hitherto formed the happiness of my life, till then I will not see you; write to me my friend, but mention not the name of Netterville, this is the last time my pen shall trace it, until I can do it with a steady hand; until I can hear; I can utter it with indifference, adieu!"

I have never, my Lewisham, from that hour beheld Miss Nugent, yet I know that the friendship of those two amiable women is still undiminished, and that Arabella's affection is the only drop of consolation with which the world sweetens the bitter destiny of Adeliza.

#### OBSERVATIONS.

The reputation of generosity is to be purchased pretty cheap; it does not depend so much upon a man's general expence, as it does upon his giving handsomely where it is proper to give at all; a man, for instance, who should give a servant four shillings, would pass for covetous, while he who gave him a crown would be reckoned generous; so that the difference of those two opposite characters turns upon one shilling. A man's character, in that particular, depends a great deal upon the report of his own servants; a mere trifle above common wages makes their report favourable.

How frequently a man draws his own character best, when he means to give you that of another person!

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO "AN ADVOCATE FOR MATRIMONY."

SIR,

THINK not that I flatter, when I say my high opinion of your abilities, induces me to address these few lines to you. Your learned disquisitions (of which those over the above signature were not, I believe the only ones,) on the subject of Matrimony, have so much delighted me, that I could no longer forbear asking advice of a person, whom I deem so able to give it.—The case which I shall lay before you, involves my future happiness; and you may judge how much I respect your judgment, when your decision shall fix my destiny.

Know then, Sir, that I am a female who is allowed to be an exquisite *Beauty*—I have a moderate fortune: My temper is good, though I must confess I have some female qualities, namely, caprice, vanity, covetousness—Indeed, so much of the latter that I covet all the beaux, and their fortunes, in town—and it is this joined with caprice that places me in the present predicament, which you shall now hear.

I have two suitors the one a rich, sober, and industrious *mechanic*, of a mild and gentle disposition and I am informed a man of good sense; but then I don't think him *handsome*:—The other is what the world calls a *gentleman*; but whom, I think, you would call a fop or 'a fool:' *he is handsome*, can dance, sing, flatter, and pay his addresses to a young lady in style: he wears pantaloons wide and large enough to put, a sack of rye in each leg, his coat is proportionate—in short, he wants nothing in the opinion of the world, except *l'Argent*, which however, he thinks I plentifully possess.—Now, Sir, these two suitors are constantly pressing me to marry, yet I cannot determine in favor of either—the one will shew his tender delicate white hand: the other in opposition will pull from his pocket a hand full of Eagles—both are equally tempting to me—I should like to have the shining gold of one, but cannot think of not enjoying the elegant person of the other.—Thus Sir, am I situated—like Mr. Addison's jackass, which lying between two bundles of hay that affect his senses equally on each side and tempt him in the same degree, would be apt to starve in the midst of plenty. Your opinion will much oblige,

Your humble servant

ELIZA FICKLE.

P. S. I don't know which of the two loves me most; the gentleman makes his declarations *a la mode* the *machanic a la nature*:—please also to inform me.

E. F.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

In a North Eastern Direction from Philadelphia City }  
June 25th, 1804. }

MR. SCOTT,

ON my return from a voyage of nine months, I found a long file of your papers; and looking over them with the most ungratified curiosity to find some enigmatical lists of young ladies, and see if my dear Poll was toasted in any of them. But, to my utter disappointment found neither mine nor any of my mess-mates, in short none at all even mentioned in them. I would as lief have undergone the discipline of the cat-o-nine-tails as encounter the very thought. It is a matter of great wonder to me what can be the matter with all the beaux. But I suppose they are all spliced to their dears and are probably dissatisfied with their stations, and so begin to ridicule and tell all their faults and a great many more, although they seem to pretend to be bachelors. But, for all their palaver I think they will never be believed; we see too many instances of female love, constancy, truth, and in short, all the virtues that can be combined in a human form, to believe them with their prattle and unnecessary clack, filling up your useful paper with abuse of the sweet lovely enchanting creatures: I think they should have been silent for their credit's sake as in their opinions of the female sex they have included all and excepted none; now, it is well known, that there are a great many more of the female sex virtuous than profligate. So here's a health to the AMERICAN FAIR forever.

BILL BOWSPRIT.

#### ENIGMATICAL LIST

Of Beautiful and Agreeable Young Ladies.

1. One fifth of the highest part of a ship's mast, one seventh of that to which the cable is fastened, and one third of a term used when the ship heels to one side by the neglect of the steersman.
2. Two sixths of the first and main post of a staircase, first tenth of a strong attachment doubled.
3. Three fourths of something that is built for our defence, and one third of what is as far from being old as possible.

4. Three eighths of the hand which we least use, the fourth consonant doubled, two sevenths of the term we use for a blotting out, one seventh of that which forms the speech, and one fourth of her title.

BILL BOWSPRIT.

#### AN ORIENTAL TALE.

A KING perfectly wise, perfectly just, and powerful withal, promulged throughout his dominions, a law; the purview of which was, that no reward, advancement, or honour should be conferred on any but in proportion to their merits, in the service of the king and state.

In process of time there were born in that court three children, all of the blood-royal; these arriving at the age of youth, appeared very comely in their persons, and of pregnant talents and parts. The king had a great regard for them, and wished much to give them a suitable establishment. One day then, calling them to him, he said these words:

"Ever considering you as my children, it is much in my mind to do you all the possible honour and good; by placing you in as exalted a rank as any in my court, since you have found favour in my eyes, and I have marked you capable of all the virtues. However, all my people know, nor can you be ignorant, that in my kingdom there exists an absolutely irrevocable law, irrevocable even by myself; that no honour or preferment can be conferred on any one on the footing of pure favour, or unless as a reward for the merit of approved service. The establishment then that I purpose for you, there is no way for your gaining while you stay in the court. I would therefore advise you to quit it immediately, and go where you will, to any part of my dominions, seeking by your conduct and good works, for the means of meriting the reward reserved for you by the law I have made. Out of the court then you must remain till I think fit to send for you, when you are to bring with you the proper register and testimonies of your deserts, that I may deal with you accordingly."

Now, though the young men were rather loth to leave the court, yet as the royal counsel carried with it the force of a command, they felt themselves obliged to an immediate compliance. They took their leave of the king, and embarking in a vessel that lay ready, committed themselves to the fortune of wind and wave.



ther. This, after their having gotten a considerable distance from the court, brought them in sight of an island, their approaches to which more and more shewed to them a pleasant inviting spot. They landed, and in the midst of it found a garden, the outward appearance of which bore a most delightful and promising aspect. The gates of it stood open, and the young men presenting themselves, found no bar to their entrance from the door-keepers, who seemed planted there only to offer to them the three following preliminary counsels :

The First told them, that they must not lay their account with staying in the garden ; for that none who had ever entered it had remained there ; such being the immutable order, that as some went in the others should go out.

The Second added, that they should duly remember, that in the same manner as they entered it, they would have to go out of it, that is to say, without being allowed to bring away with them any thing of all they would find there, with full liberty to enjoy and possess every thing in the garden itself.

The Third observed to them, that they should well consider and duly take special care not to let themselves loose to any intemperance of enjoyments, or to any waste of their time. They were rather to be chary of it, and with an attention to the avoiding of forbidden fruits, to keep constantly the fairest, openest walks : the middle ones, between the extremities of the garden, being the safest and best.

The three young men having received these salutary instructions, entered the garden, in which they found even much more than its outward appearance had promised. They saw many fruit-trees, plants, and flowers, sweet to the smell, and delightful to the eye : they heard nightingales, and other song-birds whose melody was enchanting. The distribution of the waters for refreshment and service, was also admirable. Nor were there wanting here and there bowers of verdure, and even cabinets richly ornamented with gold and jewels.

The young men naturally enjoyed this delightful spot. They ate its delicious fruits, and drank its pleasant waters, some times resting under the shelter of the shadiest trees, on the boughs of which the music of the feathered choristers lulled them harmoniously to sleep.

Having thus passed together some time they parted, by consent, each taking to

those walks of the garden that he liked the best.

The first having marked the abundance of its produce for the gratifications of sensual appetite, abandoned himself to the delights of it ; and thus eating and drinking, without scrupling an indulgence of every circumstance of a voluptuous life, all heedless of the right or wrong of it, he passed away his time in this career of unbridled licentiousness, totally unmindful of the advice given him by the third door-keeper.

The second of these young men, having fixed his eyes and heart on the abundance of gold and jewels in the cabinets of the garden, suffered them to ingross his whole care for the getting as much of them as he could ; for which purpose he made purses of his pockets, and sacks of his clothes ; and, under his possession, he could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, with any comfort.

This exercise he followed, unremittingly, all the time he staid there, and unaccountably reckoning this among the delights of the garden gave himself wholly up to it, forgetting what the second door-keeper had told him, that he might freely enjoy whatever he found there, but was not to carry more away than he had brought in with him.

The third young man, well remembering every word the door-keepers had told him, did not approve of any of the walks his companions had chosen : he judged them all, at the best, unprofitable, if not highly culpable, repugnant as they were to the doctrine of the third door-keeper. He therefore thought it most advisable to enjoy nothing more of that delightful garden than what was the most naturally necessary for the mere preservation of his existence. His time he preferably employed in the contemplation of the various properties and uses of the different trees, plants, and animals that were there in such prodigious order, amidst such infinite diversity ; none, in short, of all the marvels of nature escaping his observation. But what most astonished him, was, that in a garden so wonderfully laid out, so finely preserved, he could never see so much as one gardener. This put him on the stretch to conjecture of who could be the master that kept it in such excellent order ; well concluding that this could never be merely accidental ; that on the contrary, there must be some infinitely wise artist or master, that had thus regulated every

thing, though pleased to keep himself thus invisible.

This conclusion, every instant of reflection, and much he reflected, the more confirmed ; for his speculations on the actual order of things, only served to increase his violent desire of knowing the master or gardener of this incomparable garden, for whom, though thus unknown, he could not help having the greatest love, in return for the support and delight he received from his works, both in the use and in the contemplation of them. In this spirit, he examined all the parts of the garden, eager for discovering, if possible, who was its owner.

(to be concluded)

## LABOUR.

—To sink in shame, or swell with pride.

As the gay palm is granted or deny'd. — *Francis.*

THE multitudes that support life by corporal labour and eat their bread in the sweat of their brow, commonly regard inactivity as idleness : And have no conception that weariness can be contracted in an elbow-chair, by now and then peeping into a book and musing the rest of the day : The sedentary and studious, therefore, raise their envy or contempt, as they appear either to possess the conveniences of life by the mere bounty of fortune, or to suffer the want of them by refusing to work.

It is, however, certain, that to think is to labour ; and that as the body is affected by the exercise of the mind, the fatigue of the study is not less than that of the field or the manufactory.

But the labour of the mind, though it is equally wearisome with that of the body is not attended with the same advantages. Exercise gives health, vigour, and cheerfulness, sound sleep, and a keen appetite. The effects of sedentary thoughtfulness, are diseases that imberber and shorten life, interrupt rest, tasteless meals, perpetual languor, and causeless anxiety.

No natural inability to perform manual operations, has been observed to proceed from disinclination ; the reluctance, if it cannot be removed, may be surmounted, and the artificer then proceeds in his work with as much dexterity and exactness, as if no extraordinary effort had been made to begin it : But with respect to the productions of imagination and wit, a mere determination of the will is not sufficient ; there must be a disposition of the mind which no human being can procure, or the work will have the

appearance of a forced plan, in the production of which the industry of art has been substituted for the vigour of nature.

Nor does this disposition always ensure success, though the want of it never fails to render application ineffectual, for the writer who sits down in the morning, fired with his subject and teeming with ideas, often finds at night, that what delighted his imagination offends his judgment, and that he has lost the day by indulging a pleasing dream, in which he joined together a multitude of splendid images without perceiving their incongruity.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

### A VIEW OF THE PRACTICE OF THE YELLOW FEVER.

The best medicines improperly prescribed, are the greatest poisons, and the greatest poisons properly prescribed, are the best medicines. HIPPOCR.

THE object of this address, is to offer a compressed view of the practice hitherto supported in the yellow or bilious fever, and reasons why success has not followed. You are addressed, not as medical characters, but as men capable of discriminating truth from error, when presented in plain language.

Being chiefly confined to the cure, it is only necessary that I should consider the two last causes of the fever, which being displaced, the restoration of the patient is rendered certain by common nursing. One of these is a redundancy of bile, the other is irritability, or preternatural sensibility of the system, produced by the bile.\*

I shall first mention what are the effects of bleeding, blistering, and sweating, remedies which have been chiefly rested on—Calomel will be spoken of in its place.

The lancet lessens the labour of the vessels, by lessening their tension and irritability.

Blistering produces proportionably the same effect, by translating the irritability to vessels on which life least depends.

\* The causes by which this morbid secretion of bile is produced, I shall not speak of, but it may be considered the exciting cause of the liver, or is the surface on which exciting causes operate; such as heat, muscular motion, or any thing, which agitates and diffuses it.

Sweating operates measurably in the same manner, by exciting the vessels of the surface, throwing off heat, sometimes peccant matter, and thereby relieving the vessels more deeply seated.\*

From the properties of these remedies it must be readily deduced, that they are directed merely against the effect of the bile, or irritability of the system. Doctor Rush ingenuously observes, that by this practice he seizes the forelock of the disorder, and abruptly impedes its progress; but has omitted saying that we may pull out this hold by resting too much on it, and neglecting the bile, or propelling cause that is behind.

Are we not to expect a return of an effect if we leave the cause? And that nothing has been done with the bile I shall presently prove.

Can we expect to prevent an apoplexy from swallowing a large quantity of opium, by bleeding, irritating the extremities, &c. without attention to the stomach? The same may be applied to the serious effects of spirit, or any other poisonous or acrid cause in the stomach.

If any sharp body is pushed into my flesh, am I to expect a cure of the inflammation without extracting that body? If the inflammation is great, it may be proper to lessen it first, which will render the extraction of the irritating body, or exciting cause more safe; and if I found the pulse in a bilious fever very high, I would bleed, blister, &c. to lessen the tension of the vessels, and to aid and make more safe the operation of those evacuants, that would be immediately directed against the bile; But if I was called in proper time, I could do without them.

Since the unity of fever has been received among Physicians, or a belief of all fevers being the same, their attention has been directed to the preternatural action of the arteries, regardless of the exciting cause of that action, and consequently regardless of the different fevers.†

I may also add, that bleeding, like all other things may be applied in such a manner, as to produce opposite effects; and its proper use, is only known by him,

\* The effects of sweating depends in a great measure, on the method by which it is produced. It may produce more injury than profit, and therefore demands more than common judgment. We ought to produce it with as moderate force of the vessels as possible.

† Mankind have ever been, and will continue liable to leave behind, or neglect many useful truths, on grasping new ones.

who is acquainted with the principles of life. If this is the case, what are we to expect, when it is thrown into the hands of barbers, and reduced almost to an avocation; or into the hands of young students, who probably know nothing of what they are doing.

I will now proceed to the treatment of the bile, to the neglect of which is to be ascribed the mortality of the fever.

It is acknowledged that the stomach and bowels are very irritable, and that if they are disordered, the whole system is proportionably injured; and yet no attention (in effect) have they commanded. Such have been the evacuants, or in such a manner have they been given, that they tended only to increase the quantity and acrimony of the bile, and consequently the fever. Can any Physician say that he has cleansed the stomach and bowels sufficiently when a black vomit and a serious inflammation of the stomach follow; or an absorption of bile appears on the surface? And are they not symptoms that have constantly appeared under the former treatment of the fever? I should blush to see such symptoms in a patient of mine!

Dr. Rush justly says, that he would disown a student, who suffered his patient to run into a nervous fever; and may I not on the same principle say that the knowledge or proper attention\* of a Physician is to be questioned, who suffers a bilious fever, to run into a yellow one, attended with the above symptoms; which evidences a neglect or improper treatment of the bile.

The stomach calls for assistance from the first by Nausea, with that peculiar and violent aching of the head, which does not attend a fever without a disordered stomach, and yet the bile is suffered to remain, until it produces such inflammation that nothing can be given, but what is immediately ejected.

The difficulty and benefit of getting off the bile is only conceived by those, who have attended in a proper manner to it, and have had much practice in bilious complaints.

I have in the common cases of bilious fever of Virginia, given emetics, which threw up a large quantity of bile, then Calomel, Jalap, Castor oil, and salts, on the following days, with blistering, copious bleeding and sweating; yet could not vanquish the fever, until I returned to

\* Attention with good nursing are of great importance in violent disorders; without them, the greatest talents, or the best medicine avail nothing.



the stomach with another emetic, which discharged more bile than the first. I consider my patient safe on governing the bile, (which immediately relieves the head) admitting the pulse to be 120 to the minute; as the remaining irritability of the vessels may be easily exhausted by a proper cooling treatment, and cannot return; its cause being dislodged.  
(to be continued)

### ANECDOTES.

A gentleman formerly well known in Change Alley, hearing that Foot had drawn his character in his comedy called "The Bankrupt," sent a friend to the humorist, with a very intimidating message with respect to the disagreeable consequences that would ensue, if Mr. —'s conduct was ridiculed. "Assure your friend (says Foot to the Messenger) that I never thought of him while I was drawing the character of my Bankrupt: and when you see the piece, you will be convinced of what I say, by finding I have made him an honest man.

Dr. JOHNSON once speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said—"if he had *two* ideas in his head, they would *fall out with each other*."

Philadel<sup>a</sup>, July 7, 1804.

4th of JULY, 1804.

On Wednesday last was celebrated throughout the Union the 28th anniversary of American independence. In this city the usual demonstrations of joy announced the dawning day, Liberty proclaimed in the roaring of cannon, ringing of bells, and sound of drums the morning sacred to freedom; after the cessation of the grand military honors, the citizens assembled in various companies at places previously appointed, to conclude the day in that harmonious conviviality which is peculiar to a free people on occasions which commemorate national events conducive to general happiness.

### MUSEUM OF DELAWARE.

A new weekly paper has recently made its appearance at Wilmington, Delaware, entitled "*The Museum of Delaware*"—it is edited and printed by Mr. Joseph Jones, and devoted principally to political discussion; printed in a handsome manner; of a Democratic cast; its motto—"Truth is a Victor without Violence."

MARRIED—On Thursday evening 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstein, Mr. Asbur Clark, of Durham, (Connecticut) to Miss Anne Karsper, daughter of Mr. Martin Karsper of this city.

—On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. P. H. Schenk, merchant of N. York, to Miss Harriet Courtney, of this city.

—Same evening by the Rev. Mr. Smith Mr. John Patterson, junr. to Miss Rachel Caffman both of this city.

Interments in the different burial grounds of this city, from the 23d to the 30th ultimo—31: adults 16, children 15.

### COMMUNICATION.

DIED—On the 20th ult. in the 32d year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth M'Grath, of this city.

### LINES,

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. ELIZABETH M'GRATH.

ELIZA, the below'd and good, is gone,  
And her pure spirit to its Father flown!  
Not all her pleasing qualities could save,  
Nor e'en her virtues shield her from the grave.  
Insatiate Death regards nor worth nor charm;  
No pow'r can win him, and no pow'r disarm:  
Each sex and age, alike, before him fall;  
With undistinguish'd stroke, he levels all.  
Hard seems the lot of man! Though few his days,  
Pain, sickness, trouble, chequer all his ways;  
And if a gleam of bliss his life illumine,  
It quickly flies, and deeper is his gloom.  
How late, how very late, ELIZA shone,  
The fond delight of all, wherever known!  
Now, sad the change! She is to dust return'd,  
By Love regretted, and by Friendship mourn'd.  
Disconsolate, the husband sobs and sighs,  
And wipes the tears fast-streaming from his eyes;  
His wounded soul in sad complainings grieves,  
While numbers sympathize, but none relieves;  
For ah! how can relief by him be known,  
From whom the source of every joy is flown?  
He, in her loss, mourns ev'ry bliss of life,  
Since all was centred in that dear name—*wife*.  
Friends, neighbours, and acquaintance, all deplore  
Their valued friend, whom they shall see no more:  
For few, alas! could so engaging be;  
And fewer still were more below'd than she.  
Her pleasing manners, and her modest mien,  
In which her gentle nature shone serene,  
Uniting with a disposition kind,  
A temper sweet, a tender, feeling mind,  
A life of virtue, soul of sentiment—  
To all endear'd her, wheresoe'er she went.  
Where'er she was, good humour ever reign'd,  
With true politeness, converse unrestrain'd:  
Stranger she was to art—hence nature's beam  
Diffus'd around a mild and gentle gleam.  
All social circles smil'd, when she appear'd;  
The gay grew gayer, and the gloomy cheer'd:  
And, yet, no trifling levity she knew,  
But cheerfulness from sweet religion drew.  
*Religion*,—precious blessing, gift benign,  
That raises human nature to divine,—  
*Religion* 'twas that beautified her mind,  
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm refin'd;

And signaliz'd her character, while here,  
With ev'ry lovely trait that could endear.  
High o'er the rest, *Benevolence* arose,  
(Most god-like virtue human nature knows)  
Whose heav'n-born radiance, with life-giving ray,  
Drove Want, Distress, and Wretchedness away:  
And lighted the unhappy sufferers where  
They found relief from sorrow, pain and care.  
Nor did her charity, tho' lib'ral dealt,  
(Yet known by few save those by whom 'twas felt)  
Relieve alone the body's pain or woe;  
Or better the condition of the low:  
But to the wounded mind o'erwhelm'd with grief  
Her conversation was a sweet relief;  
By it, the balm of sorrow she bestow'd,  
For from it richest consolation flow'd.  
Oh! then, how will the Poor and Indigent  
Feel her departure, and her loss lament!  
And whither shall th' unhappy fly for aid,  
Whose only stay, or hope, on earth, is dead?  
Who now shall sooth their woes, or comfort send?  
She was their earthly all—their only friend.  
But HE, whose will permits us to deplore  
*Departed worth* which we must see no more,  
Though by his mandate call'd to worlds above  
T' inherit their reward, and feel his love;  
Forbids the unavailing tear to flow,  
Whate'er our loss, our suffering, or our woe;  
Forbids dependent mortals to repine  
At dispensations of his great design:  
Since, in the plan of Wisdom Infinite,  
It must be, that "whatever is, is right;"  
And ev'ry murmur constitutes a crime  
Against Heav'n's awful Majesty sublime.  
Come, then, RELIGION, "greatest good below,"  
Cure of all ills, and soother of all woe,  
Pour in our wounded souls thy sov'reign balm:  
Give resignation that we may be calm:  
Shew the GREAT LORD OF ALL as good as wise,  
"Not less in what he gives than what denies,"  
Oh! grant us *faith* to look beyond the tomb,  
And view our friend in her eternal home,  
Forever free from all the care and strife  
That poison or embitter human life:  
And oh! its vital principles impart  
With energy divine to ev'ry heart;  
That we may trace the steppings that she trod,  
Which will conduct us to our Father GOD—  
Here our dear Sister we shall meet again,  
Nor separation know,—that poignant pain!  
But, long as everlasting ages are,  
Our blest REDEEMER's love and smiles, together, share.

EDWIN.

\*. Subscribers will please to take notice, that the *seventh* payment of 25 cents will be collected on Saturday next, by the Carriers.

## Temple of the Muses.

[THE two following pieces communicated by a Correspondent, were written nearly half a century ago by a LADY who is now living and resides in the borough of Lancaster, Pennsylvania; as they have never before been published, the editor doubts not but they will be highly acceptable to his readers, and he is confident their insertion in the Repository will gratify a number of his subscribers.]

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

### AN ELEGY.

FAREWEL to joy, and pleasure's tempting train,  
The songs of love and every cheerful strain;  
Now let the verse in solemn measure flow,  
And breathe with me the bitterness of woe,  
For ah, she's gone, my lovely friend is dead,  
And with her all my happiness is fled;  
Gone are those hours of innocent delight,  
When the fair charmer bless'd my ravish'd sight.  
Now fancy paints her fresh in youthful bloom,  
Now cold in death and mould'ring in the tomb;  
Pale are the cheeks with rosy smiles once spread,  
And all the lustre of her eyes are fled.  
Why did she die? Death, friend of human woe,  
Are there not wretches who invoke thy blow?  
Thou might'st have left this lovely flow'r to bloom,  
And sent some mortal to his wish'd for home.  
But ah, fond friend, where does thy passion guide?  
Would'st thou o'er God's almighty will preside?  
The blow was his, although it was severe,  
Which laid in dust all that thy friend held dear.  
Hear me in pity, and thy aid impart,  
Pour healing balm on my afflicted heart;  
Forgive those tears which find their ready way,  
This grateful tribute let frail nature pay;  
All here I loved, the good, the virtuous maid,  
In the cold chambers of the grave is laid;  
Her trial's o'er, her toilsome race is run,  
The Christian's prize—the crown of glory won,

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

### THE BIRD'S NEST.

THE other day, as Clara fair  
Resolv'd to taste the rural air,  
To view what beaming smiles adorn  
The vernal splendors of the morn;  
Chance led me to that very way  
My Clara had resolv'd to stray,  
Transported, (thus, the fair to find  
Intent for walk, I quickly join'd.  
In meditation while we go,  
It happen'd, in a quickset row,

Clara perceiv'd two birds distress,  
And hard at work to build their nest.  
We stop'd to view the anxious pair  
Contrive their house, so firm and fair.  
See Clara, see; I then exprest,  
What various things compose the nest;  
What different parts, connected join,  
To make the whole both neat and fine.  
So should the soul of every maid  
With different beauties be array'd;  
Virtue should guard the tender fair  
From man's deceptive, flatt'ring snare;  
Prudence direct her wav'ring youth,  
And teach her feet the path of truth;  
And modesty, in outward mien,  
Shoul'd speak the harmless soul within;  
Honour protect her virgin heart  
From ev'ry low, insidious art;  
And soft good nature ever roll  
Its tender impulse in her soul;  
And when these excellencies join'd,  
Display a Clara's lovely mind,  
The composition soon would prove  
A nest of harmony and love.

*Selected for the Repository.*

### FORMATION OF THE LOVER'S CHAIN.

DEAR are those bonds my willing heart that bind,  
Form'd of three chord's in mystick union twin'd;  
The first by beauty's rosy fingers wove,  
The next by pity, and the third by love.  
—The hour that gave this wondrous texture birth,  
Saw in sweet union, heaven, and air, and earth;  
Serenè and soft all ether breathed delight,  
The sun diffused a mild and temper'd light;  
New leaves the trees, sweet flow'rs adorn'd the mead,  
And sparkling rivers gush'd along the glade.  
Reposed on Jove's own breast, his favorite child  
The Cyprian queen, beheld the scene and smiled;  
Then with bold hands, from her ambrosial head,  
And amorous breast, a shower of roses shed,  
The heavenly shower descending soft and slow,  
Pour'd all its fragrance on my fair below;  
Whilst all benign the ruler of the spheres  
To sounds celestial open'd mortal ears.

X.

### EPIGRAM.

WHEN'er you marry, to his son,  
A prudent father said,  
Take, for thy loving helpmate, one  
Rich widow, or rich maid;  
For any wife may turn out ill,  
But, gad! the money never will!!

### THE TRANSFORMATION OF MENTOR.

*Attempted from the last Book of Cambray's Telemachus.*

THUS Mentor clos'd his speech when soon as done,  
Ithaca's Prince, impatient to be gone,  
Now hears with joy the foaming billows roar,  
Bids launch the bark, and quit the hateful shore,  
Mean time, the Sage, who knew his youthful fire,  
Retards his steps, and checks his fond desire;  
Conveys reproof, with countenance severe,  
Then bids the youth two verdant altars rear;  
Enjoins him straight an off'ring to prepare,  
And thank Minerva for her partial care;  
Give homage due, for all his laurels won,  
To the kind guardian of Ulysses' son.  
The altars rais'd, the destin'd victims die;  
The smoke in circling wreaths ascends the sky.  
Ithaca's Prince now lifts his sparkling eyes to heav'n,  
And thanks the Power for all her favours giv'n.  
The rites perform'd, the rev'rent Mentor led  
The youth reluctant to the gloomy shade,  
When lo! a light, refulgent from above,  
Reflects a radiance thro' the fragrant grove;  
T' augment th' amazing scene, now, quick as thought,  
In Mentor's face a wond'rous change is wrought;  
His rev'rent wrinkles quickly disappear,  
His eyes no more their usual fierceness wear;  
The voice of Mentor is no longer heard,  
Celestial grace adorns his placid beard,  
His furrow'd features (wond'rous to declare!)  
Are chang'd to female charms, divinely fair;  
Her rosy cheeks display peculiar grace,  
Eternal youth sits blooming on her face,  
Her glowing vestments glitter on the sight,  
As Phoebus' rays dispel the shades of night;  
The earth no longer does the Goddess bear,  
She glides along, and cuts the yielding air.  
In her right hand she grasps a glitt'ring spear,  
That might dismay the intrepid God of War.  
The splendid Ægis flames upon her breast,  
And on her helm the Athenian bird is plac'd.

### EPIGRAM.

RICH Timon's board displays the best,  
And Carlos (made a welcome guest,)  
Th' vanity is apt to boast,  
It is his wit that rules the roast;  
Trifles, to know the truth it's fit—  
'Tis Timon's roast that rules the wit.

### TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

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